

Nobody Home

Roger Waters

Alright, I'll take care of them part of the time
But the, somebody else that needs takin' care of in Washington
Who's that? "Rose Pilchitt"
"Rose Pilchitt", who's that?
(Shut up)
36 24 36, does that answer your question?
(Oh I, I've got a little black book with my poems in) Got a little black book with my poems in
Got a bag with a toothbrush and a comb
When I'm a good dog they sometimes throw me a bone in I got elastic bands keeping my shoes on
Got those swollen hands blues
I got thirteen channels of shit on the TV to choose from I got electric light and I got second sight
Got amazing powers of observation
And that is how I know When I try to get through
On the telephone to you
There'll be nobody home I got the obligatory Hendrix perm
And the inevitable pinhole burns
All down the front of my favorite satin shirt I got nicotine stains on my fingers
Got a silver spoon on a chain
Got a grand piano to prop up my mortal remains I got wild, staring eyes
And I got a strong urge to fly
But I got nowhere to fly to, fly to, fly to Ooh babe, when I pick up the phone
(Surprise, surprise, surprise)
There's still nobody home I got a pair of Gohill's Boots
And I got fadin' roots

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